

THE SIXT TRAGE
die of the most graue and prudent
author Lucius, Anneus, Seneca,
entituled **Troas**, with diuers and
sundrye additions to the same.
Newly set forth in Englishe by
Iasper Heywood Au-
dient in Oxen-
forde.

Anno domini.

1559. . 1 . 1

¶ Cum privilegio ad impri-
mendum solum.



H. Sealy

TO THE MOST HIGH

and vertuose princeſſe, Elyzabeth by the grace
of god Queene of England, Fraunce, and
Ireland defender of the faith her highnes
moſt humble and obedient ſubiecta

Iaſper Heywood ſtudent in
the vniuerſite of Ox-
ford wiſſeth helth
welth, honour,
& felicitie.



Conſideration of your
graces goodnes toward
vs all your louing ſub-
iectes whych ſpyeng
ſame by morthynges of
men reſoundes had not
ſully in me repreſſed al
dreade of reprehension
(Moſt noble princeſſe and my drad ſoueraigne
Lady) If the wiſdome that God at theſe yeres in
your highnes hath planted, had not ſeemde to
me a ſtrong defence againſt all byt of ſhameles
arrogance reproche wherof ſlong with diſdain-
full wordes from ireful tongues, as adders ſtinges
ſhould

The epistle.

should strike me) finally if the learning with which GOD hath endued your maiestie had not ben to me a comfortable perswasion of your gracious fauour towarde the simple gift and dutie of a scholer, I would not haue incurred so daungerous note of presumption, in attempting a subiect to hys princeesse, a simple scholer to so excellently learned, a rashe yong man to so noble a Queene by none other signe to signifie allegiance and dutie toward your highnes saue by writing: when oft times is the pen the onely accusser in some pointes of hym that therewith doth endite. But now, to se (most gracious Lady) that thing come to passe which to the honour of him and for the welth of vs god hath ordained, a Princeesse to raigne ouer vs, such one, to whom great fredome is for vs to serue, what ioy may serue to triumphe at that blissefull day, or what should we spare with pen to preache abroad that inward gladnes of hart that floweth from the brestes of vs your most louing subiects: beseeching god that it may please hym to graunt your grace long and prosperous gouernance of the imperyal crowne of Englande. Then well vnderstanding how greatly your highnes is delighted in the
sweete

The epistle.

swete sappe of fine and pure writers, I haue
here presumed to offer vnto you such a simple
new yeres gift as neither presenteth golde nor
perle, but dutie & good will of a scholler, a piece
of Seneca translated into Englishe which I the
rather enterprise to giue to your highnes, as
well for that I thought it should not be vnplea-
sant for your grace to se some part of so excellent
an author in your owne tonge (the reading of
whom in latene I vnderstande delightes greatly
your maiesty) as also for that none may be a bet-
ter iudge of my doinges hercin, then who best
vnderstandeth my author: and the authoritie
of your graces fauour towarde thys my little
worke, may be to me a sure defence and shielde
against the sting of reprehending tongues. Whiche
I most humbly beseeching your highnes end
with prayer to god to sende vs long the
fruition of so excellent
and gracious a
Ladie.

To thereaders.



Although (gentle Reader) thou mayst perhaps thinke me arrogant, for that I onely among so many fine wittes, and towardly youth, (with which England this day flourisheth) haue enterprised to set forth in english, this present piece, of the flowre of all writers Seneca, as who sape not fearing what grauer beddes might iudge of me, in attempting so harde a thyng, yet vpon well pondering what next ensueth, I trust both thy selfe shalt clere thyne owne suspicion, and thy chaunged opinion, shal iudge of me more rightfull sentence. For neyther haue I taken this worke first in hand, as once entebing it shoulde come to light (of well doing whereof I vicerly dyspayred) and being done but for mine owne priuate excercise, I am in mine opinion herein blameles, though I haue (to proue my selfe) pryncially taken that part which pleased me best, of so excellent an aucthor, for better is time spent in the best then other, and at first to attempt the hardest writers, shal make a man more prompt, to translate the easer with more facilitie. But now sith by request, and frendshipp of those, to whom I coulde deny nothing, this worke against my will, extorted is out of my handes, I nedes must craue thy patience in reading, and facilitie of iudgement: when thou shalt apartly see, my willes lacke of learning, praying the to consider. how harde a thyng it is for me, to touche at full in all poyntes, the aucthoures mynde,

The preface,

minde, (being in many places very harde and doubtfull and the worke muche corrupt by the defeaute of euill printed bookes) and also how farre above my powre, to keepe that grace, and maner of stile, that Seneca doth, when both so excellent a writer, hath past the reach of all imitation, and also thys our englishe tooong (as many thinke and I here fynde) is farre vn- able, to compare with the latten, but thou (good reader) if I in any place, haue sweried from the trew sence, or not kept the royaltie of speech, meete for a tragedy, impute the toun to my yowth: and lack of iugement, the other to my lacke of eloquence. Now as concerning sondry places augmented and some altered in thys my translation. First forasmuch as thys worke se- med vnto me, in some places vnperspite (whe- ther left so of the authour or part of it lost as tyme deuoureth all thynges I wotte not) I haue (where I thought good,) wyth addicoun of mine owne pen, supplied the want of some thynges, as the first Chorus, after the first act beginning thus. O ye to whom &c. Also in the second acte. I haue added the speche of Achilles spight, ryling from hell to require the sacrifice of Polixena beginning in this wise, Forsaking now &c. I gaue the three last sta- ues of the Chorus after the same acte, and as for the third Chorus which in Seneca begyn- neth thus, *Que vocat federi* for as much, as no- thing is therein but a heaped noubre of farre & strange countreies, consydering with my selfe, &
the

The preface,

the names of so many vnknowne countreyes,
mountaines, desertes, and woodes should haue
no grace in the englishe tongue, but be a strange
and vnplesant thing to the readers, (except
I should expounde the histories of eche one,
which would be farre to tedious) I haue in the
place therof, made a nother beginning in this
manner. O Youe that leadst ec. whych at-
teracion may be borne withall, seeing that the
Copie is no part of the substance of the matter.
In the rest I haue for my slender learning,
endeuored to kepe touche with the Latteen, not
woo:de for woo:de or verse for verse as to ex-
pounde it, but neglecting the placing of the
wordes obserued their sence. Take ientle rea-
der this in good worth, wyth all hypsautes,
faulour my first beginninges, and amende ra-
ther with good will, such thynges as herem are
amis, then to depraue or discommende my la-
bour and paynes, for the fautes, seeing that
I haue herein, but onely made way to
other that can farre better do this
or like, desyring them that as
they can, so they woulde.
Face well gentle reader,
& accept my good
will.

The preface to the tragedye.

THe ten yeares siege of Troy, who list to here
And of chaffaires, that there befall in fight
I leade ye the workes, & long lines written were
Of all chaulantes and of that latest night,
When Turrets tops, in Troy they blased bright
Good clerkes they were, that haue it written well
As for thys worke, no worde therof doth tell.

But dares Phrygian, well can all reporte
With dictis eke of Crete in grekishe tong
And Homere telles, to Troy the Grekes resort
In scanned verse, and Maro hath it song
Eche one in writ hath pend a stozp long
Who doubtles of ought, and casteth care to knowe
These antique authors, shall the stozp showe.

The ruines twaine of Troy, the cause of eche
The glittering helmes, in fieelde the banners spred
Achilles ptes, and Hector's lightes they teache
There may the iesses of many a knight be red,
Patroclus, Pyrrhus, Iax. Diomed,
With Troilus, Parys, many other more,
That day by day, there fought in field full soze.

And how the Grekes at ende an engine made
A hugge hoise where many a warlike knight.
Enclosed was, the Troianes to muade
With Synons craft, when Grekes had fained flight
While close they lay, at Tenedos from sight,
O; how Eneas els as other say,
And false Intenay did the towne betray.

But

The preface.

But as for me. I nought thereof endight,
Mine author hath not all that story pend,
My pen hys wordes in englishe must resight,
Of latest woes that fell on Troy at ende,
What finall fates the cruell gods could sende.
And how the Grekes when Troy was burnt, gan weake
They; ire on Troians, thereof shall I speake.

Not I with speare who pearted was in fildre,
Whose throts there cut, or head prouerd was,
He bloodshed blowes, that rent both targe and shilde
Shall I resight, all that I ouer pas.
The worke I wright, more wofull is alas,
For I the mothers teares must here complaine,
And blood of babes, that guilties haue been slaine.

And such as yet, coulde neuer weapon weest,
But on the lappe are woont to dandled be,
He yet forgotten had the mothers brest,
How grekes them slew, alas here shall ye se,
To make reporte thereof, ay woe is me,
My song is mischief, murder miserie.
And hereof speakes, thys doofull tragedye.

Thou fury fell, that from thy deepest den
Couldst cause thys wrath of hell, on Troy to light,
That worstest woe, gupde thou my hand and pen,
In weeping verse of sobbes and sighes to wright,
As doth mine author them bewaile at night,
Helpe wofull Muse for me belemeth well
Of others teares, with weeping te to tell.

The preface.

When battred were to ground the towres of Troye
In witt as auncient authoers do resight,
And Greekes againe repayde to seas with toye,
Up riseth here from hell Achilles spight.
Vengeance he craues with blood his death to quight.
Whom Parys had in Phebus temple slaine,
With guile betrayd for loue of Polyxene.

And wrathe of hell there is none other price
That may asswage: but blood of her alone
Polyxena he craues for sacrifice,
With threatninges on the grecians many one
Except they shed hie blood before they gone.
The spightes the hell, and depest pittes byncathe,
O virgin here, alas, do thyself thy death.

And Hectors sonne, Aspanax, alas,
Dore seely soole hys mothers onely toye,
Is iudge to die by sentence of Calchas
Blas the while, to death is led the boye,
And tumbled downe from Turrets topp in Troy.
What ruthfull teares may serue to wayle the woe,
Of Hectors wife that doth her childe forgoe

Her pinching pang of harte, who may expresse,
But such as of like woes, haue boyned a part:
O who bewaile her ruthfull heuiness
That neuer yet hath felt therof the smart?
Full well they wote the woes of heauy hart.
What is to leese a babe from mothers brest,
They know that are in such a case distressed.

Troas

First how the Queene laments the fall of Troy.
As hath myne author done, I shall it wright
Next how from Hectors wife they led the boy.
To dye, and her complaintes I shall relight,
The Maydens death then must I last endyght.
Now who that list the Quenes complaint to heare.
In following verse, it shall forthwith appeare.

The speakers in this tragedie,

Decuba Queene of Troy.
A company of women,
The spright of Achilles.
Calthybius, a Grecian.
Igamemnon, kyng of Grekes.
Calchas.
Pyrrhus.
Chorus.
Andromacha.
In olde man Troian.
Ulysses.
Isthanax.
Helena.
The messenger.

TROAS OF SFNECA

The first acte

Hecuba.



Who so in pompe of proude estate,
or kingdome sets delight:
O: who that ioyes in princes court
to beare the sway of might.
He dzedes the fates which from aboue
the waivering gods downe flinges:
But last affiaunce fixed hath,
in fraile and fickle thinges:
Let him in me both see the face,
of fortunes flattrring ioye:
And eke respect the ruthfull ende,
of the (O ruinous Trope)
For neuer gaue she plainer prooffe,
then thys pe present se:
How fraile and brittle is the state,
of pride and high degre.
The flowre of flowing Asia, loe
whose fame the heauens resounde,
The worthy woozke of gods aboue,
is bated downe to grounde.
And whose assautes they sought asfarre,
from west with barmers spredde,
Where Tanais colde her branches seuen,
abode the worlde doth shedde.
With hughe host and from the east,
where springes the newest dea,
Where Luke warme Cygris chanell runs,
and metes the ruddy sea.

And

Troas

And which from wandering lande of Scythē,
the bande of widowes fought:
With fire and sword thus battred be,
her turrets downe to nought.
The walles but late of high renowne,
for here their ruinous fall:
The buildings burne and flashing flame,
sweeps through the palays all.
Thus euery house full hye it smokes,
of olde Atrachus lande:
He yet the flame withholdes from spoyls,
the greedy victours hande.
The surging smoke the asure skye,
and light hath hid away:
And (as with clowde beset) troyes as-
shes staynes the dusky day.
Through pearle with ire and greedy of hart,
the victor from a sacre,
Doth beue the long assaulted Troy,
the gayne of ten yeres warre.
And eke the miseries therof,
abhorres to looke vpon,
In though he see it yet scant himselfe,
beleues it might be won,
The spoyles therof wpth greedy hand.
they snatche and beare away:
A thousand shippes would not receiue
a boorde: so huge a pray.
The prefull night I doe protest,
of goddes aduerse to me,
My contries dust, and Troiane king,
I call to witnes thee.

of Seneca.

Whom Troy now hides and vnderneath
the stones, arte ouer trode:
With all the gods that guyde thy ghost,
and Troy that lately trode.
And you also ye flocking ghostes,
of all my childzen dere:
ye lesser sprighes: what euer ill,
hath hapned to vs here.
What euer Phebus waterishe face,
in fury hath sozsayde:
It raging rise from seas, when erthe,
the monsters had him trapde.
In childbed bandes I saw it poze,
and wist it should be so:
And I in vaine before Cassan-
dra tolde it long ago.
Not false Ulysses kindled hath
these fires, nor none of his:
Not yet deceitfull Sinons craft,
that hath byn cause of this.
My fire it is wherewith ye burne,
and Parys is the brande:
That smoketh in thy tompes (O Troy)
the flowze of Phrygian lande.
But ay alas vnhappy age,
why dost thou yet so soze,
Bewaille thy contries fatalfall,
thou knewest it long before.
Beholde thy last calamities,
and them bewaile with teares:
I count an olde Troyes ouerturne:
and past by many yeares.

I sawe

Troas

I saw the slaughter of the king;
and how he lost his life:
By that wilters side (more mischief was)
with stroke of Prychus knife.
When in his hand he wounde his locket,
and drew the king to ground:
And hid to hiltes his wicked sword,
in depe and dedly wounde.
Which when the gozed king had toke,
as willing to be slayne,
Out of the olde mang throte he drew,
his bloody blade agayne.
Not pitie of hys peres, alas,
in mans extremitie age:
From slaughter might hys hand withhold,
ne yet his pye allwage.
The gods are witnes of the same
and eke the sacrifices,
That in hys kingdome holden was,
that flat on grounde now lies.
The father of so many kinges
Pyram of auncient name,
Entombed lieth and waits in blase
of Troy: hys funerall flame.
He yet the gods are wreake, but las
hys sonnes and daughters all,
Such lordes they serue as both by chance
of lot, to them befall.
Whom shall I follow now for pray?
or where shall I be led?
There is perhaps among the grekes,
that Hectors wife will wed.

Dome

of Seneca

Some man despyes Helemas spoule
some would Intemoys haue,
And in the grekes there wantes not some
that would Cassandya craue.
But I alas most wofull wight,
whom no man sekes to chuse,
I am the onely refuge left,
and me they cleane refuse,
Ye carefull captiue company
why stints your wofull crye?
Beate on your breastes and piteouslie
complayne with voyce so hye,
As mete may be for Troyes estate,
let your complaints rebounde
In tops of trees: and cause the hills,
to ring with terrible sounde.

The second sceane.

The women. Hecuba

NOt folke drapt, nor new to wepe (o Queene)
thou wilt to wayle, by practise are we taught
For all these yeres, in such case haue we bene
since first the Troianguest, Imyclas sought:
Hecuba sayde the seas, that ledde him on his way
with sacred ship, to Cibell dedicate
from whence he brought, his vnreppning pray,
the cause alas, of all this byre debate
Ten times now bid, the hills of Ider bee,
with snow of silver hewe, all ouer layde.
And bared is, for Troian roges eche tree,
ten times in felds, the hartest man asrayde,

B.I.

The

Troas

The sprikes of cozne hath reapt, since nener day
his wayling wantes, new cause renctoes our wo.
Lift vp thy hand, (o Quene) crye well away:
we follow thee, we are wel taught therto.

HCC. Ye faithfull fellows of your casualtie
Untye thattyze, that on your heades ye weare,
And as behoueth state of misery,
let fall about your woful neckes, your heare.

In dust of Troy, rub al your armes about,
in slacker webe, and let your brestes be tyde
Downe to your bellies, let your lummes lye out,
for what weblocke should you your bolomen hyde
your garmentes loose, and haue in readines
your furious handes, vpon your brestes to knocke
This habite wel besemeth our distress
it pleaseth me, I know the Troian flocke
Renew agayn your long accustomed cryes
and moze then earst, lament your miseries.
We betwape Hector.

WD. Our heare we haue vntide, now euery chone
All rent for sorowes of our cursed cace
our lockes out spreades, the knots we haue vndone
And in these ashes stayned is our face.

HCC. Fill vp your handes & make therof no spare,
for this yet lawfull is, from Troy to take,
Let downe your garmentes from your shoulders bare
and suffre not your clamour so to slake.
Your naked brestes wait for your handes to smight
now dolour depe, now sorow, shew thy might
Make al the coastes that compas Troy about
witness the sound, of all your careful crye
Cause from the caues, the Echo to call out

of Seneca

Rebounding voyce of al your misery:
not as she woules, the latter woord to sound;
But al your woe, from farre let it rebounde
Let al the seas it heare, and eke the land
Spare not your brestes with heauy stroke to stryke
beate ye your selues, eche one with cruel hand
For yet your wouted crye doth me not like
We bewayle Hector.

W.D. Our naked armes, thus here we rent for thee,
and bluddy shoulders, (Hector) thus we teare:
Thus with our fistes, our heades is beaten be
and al for thee, behold we hale our heare.
Our dugges alas, with mothers handes be torne
and where the fleshe is wounded round about
Which for thy sake, we rent thy death to moene
the flowing streames of blud, they spring therout,
Thy countreys shoue, and destinies delaye,
and thou to weered Troians wast an ayde.
I wail thou wast, and on thy shoulders Troy
ten peres it stode: on thee alone it stayde,
With thee it fell: and fatall day alas
of Hector both, and Troy but one there was.

H.E.C. Enough hath Hector: turne your plaint & mone
and shed your teares for Pryame euery chone.

W.D. Receiue our plaintes, Olozd of Phrygian land,
and old wise captiue king, receiue our feare,
Whyle thou wert king, Troy hurtles then could stand
though shaken twyle, with Grecian sword it weare,
And twyle did shot of Hercules quyncer beare:
at latter los of Hecubes sonnes all
and roges for kinges, that high on pyles we reare:
thou father spurst our laste funerall.

Troas

And beaten downe, to Ioue for sacrifices.
like luelles blocke, in Troie thy carhas lies.
HCC. Yet turne ye once your treasures, another way,
my Pyramies death, should not lamented be
O Troians all, full happy is Pyrame say,
for free from bondage, downe descended he,
To the lowest ghostes: and neuer shall sustayne
his captiue nethe, with Greekes to poked be
He neuer shall, beholde the Strides twayne
nor false Ulysses euer shall he see,
Nor he a pray, for Greekes to triumphe at
his neck shall subiect, to their conquestes beare
He gyue his handes, to tye behind his backe
that to the rule of scepters wonted weare
For folowing Igamennons chare, in bande
shall he be pompe, to proude Hycenas lande.
WD. Full happy Pyrame is, eche one we say
that tooke with him his kingdome, then that stode
Now safe in shade, he seekes the wandring way
and treads the pathes of all Elizius woode,
And in the blessed sprites, full happie he,
again there seekes, to mete with Hectors ghoste,
Happy Pyrame, happy who so may see,
his kingdome all, at ones with him be loste.

*¶ Chorus added to the tragedy
by the translatour.*



Peto whom, the lord of land and seas,
of lyfe and death, hath graunted here the poyme
Lay downe your lofty lookes, your pryde appeare
the crowned king, fleeth not his fatall howe.

who

of Seneca.

Who so thou be, that leadeſt thy land alone
thy life was limite, from thy mothers wombe,
Not purple robe, not glorious glittering throne,
ne crowne of golde, redemes thee from the tombe
King he was, that waſting for the bayle,
of him that ſlew, the Minotaur in fight
Beylde with blackenes, of the wonted layle
in ſeaſ him ſonke, and of his name they hight.
So he that wilde, to win the golden ſpoyle
and firſt with ſhip, by ſeaſ to ſeke renowne,
In leſſer waue, at length to death gan boyle,
and thus the daughters, brought their father downe,
Whoſe ſonges, the woodes hath drawen, and rivers held,
and bydes to heare his notes, did theys forſake,
In peece meale throwne, amid the Thracian ſeilde,
without returne hath ſought the Scigian lake.
They ſit above, that hold our life in line,
and what we ſuffre, downe they ſing from hye
No carke, no care, that ever may burſwine
the thrids, that women are about the ſkaye,
As witneſſ he, that ſomtime kyng of Greece,
had Jaſon thought, in drenching ſeaſ to drowne
Who ſcapte both death, and gaynde the golden fleece,
whom ſates aduance, ther may no potwee pluck downe
The higheſt god, ſomtime that Saturne hight
his fall him taught to credit their decyres
The rule of heavens: he loſt it by their might
and Ioue his ſonne, now turnes the rolling ſkyes.
Who weneth here to win eternall welth,
let him behold this preſent perſis prooffe,
And learne, the ſecret ſteppe, of chaunces ſleith,
moſt nere alas, when moſt it ſeemes aloofe.

Troas

In slipper top, let no man put his trust
let none dispayre, that heauy happes hath past
The swete with sowre, the mungleth as the lust
whose doubtfull web, pretendeth nought to last.
Fragilitie is the third, that Clothes rocke hath sponne,
now from the distaste darwne, now knapt in twayne
With al the world, at length his end he wonne,
whose works haue wrought, his name sholl gret remain
and he, whose trauelles, twelue, his name display,
that feared nought, the force of worldly hurt,
In fine alas hath found his fatall day,
and dyed with smart of Dianpracs hurt,
If prizes might eternitie procure,
then Dyame yet should liue in lyking lust
By portly pompe of pride, thou art vnure
to learne by him, o kinges ye are but dust.
and Hecuba that walleth now in care,
that was so late of high estate a Queene
a mirrour is, to teache you what you are
your waucering welth, o princes, here is scene.
Whom darwne of day, hath seen in high estate
before sonnes set, alas hath had his fall
The cradelles rocke, apointes the lyfe his date
from settled top, to sodayn funerall.

The second acte.

The sprite of Achilles added to the tra-
gedie by the translatour.

The

The first seeane,

Forsaking now the places tenebrous,
and depe denues of thinfurnal regions
From all the shadowes of clifious
That wander there the pathes full many one.
Lo, here am I returned all alone,
The same Achill whose ferce and heauy hand
Of all the world, no wight might yet withstand.

What man so stout of all the Grecians host,
That hath not sometime craued Achilles aide,
and in the Troians, who of prowes most
That hath not fearde to see my banners playde
Achilles lo, hath made them all astrayde,
and in the Grekes hath bern a piller post,
That sturdy stode against the Troiane host.

Where I haue lacke, the Grecians went to wache
Troy hath proude what Achilles sword could do
Where I haue come the Troianes fled a backe,
Retiring fast from field their walles vnto,
No man that might Achilles stroke fordo,
I dealt such stripes amid the Troian route,
That with their blood I staine the fieldes about.

Mighty Menmon, that with his Persian bande,
Would Pyrames part with all his might mayntayns
Lo now he lythe and knoweth Achilles hand
amid the field is Troilus also slayne.
Pe Hector great, whom Troy accounted playne
The flower of chivalry that might be found,
all of Achilles had their mortall wound,

Troas

But Paris lo, such was his false disceite,
Pretending marriage of Polyxene,
Behind the altier lay for me in wayte
Where I vnwares haue saine into the trapne
And in Appolloes church he hath me slaine
Wherof the hell will now iust vengeance haue,
And here agayne, I come my right to craue.

The depe Iuerne my rage may not sustayne
Nor beare the angers of Achilles spright
From Icheront, I rent the soyle in twayne
and through the ground, I grate again to sight
Hell could not hide Achilles from the light,
Vengeans and blood both Dicus pit require,
To quench the furies of Achilles pye.

The hatefull land. that worse then Tartare is
and burning thrust exceedes of Tantalus,
I here beholde againe, and Trope is this
O, trauell worse, then liene of Sisyphus
and paynes that passe the panges of Titus
To light more lothsome surie hath me sent
Then hooked whele, that Trions fleshe doth rent.

Remembred is alowe where sprites do dwell
The wicked slaughter wrought by wpyl way,
Not yet reuenged hath the depell hell,
Achilles blood on them that did him slay
But now of vengeance comes the yrefull day
and darkest denies of Tartare from beneath
Conspire the fates: of them that wrought my death.

Now

of Seneca.

Now mischief, murder, wrath of hell drawth nere
and byre Whlegethon flood both blood require
Achilles death shalbe reuenged here
With slaughter such as Egyptian lakes despise
Her daughters blood shall stake the spites yre,
Whose sonne we slew. wherof doth yet remayne,
The wrath beneath, and hell shalbe theyr payne.

From burning lakes the furies wrath I threate,
and speer that nought but streames of blood may stake
The rage of wynde and seas these shippes shal beate,
and Ditis depe on you shal vengeans take,
The spites crye out, the earth and seas do quake
The poole of Hyt, vngrateful Grekes it seath,
With slaughtred blood reuenge Achilles death.

The soile doth shake to beare my heauy foote
and fearth agayn the sceptours of my hand
The poales with stroke of thunderclap ring out
The doubtful starres amid their course do stand,
and fearful Phebus hiden his blasing band.
The trembling lake s agaynst their course do slyte,
for dreade and terrur of Achilles spyte.

Great is the ransom, ought of dewe to me,
Wherewith ye must the spites, and hell appease,
Polyxena shal sacrificed be,
Vpon my tombe, their yreful wrath to please,
and with her blood, ye shal asswage the seafe
your ships may not returne to Grece againe
Til on my tombe Polyxena be slayne.

Ind

Troas

And for that she should then haue been my wife,
I will that Pyrrhus render her to me,
and in such solemne sort bycene her life,
as ye are wont the weddinges for to see,
So shall the wrath of hell appeased be,
I thought els but this may satisfie our pye,
Her will I haue, and her I you require.

The second sceane.

Talhybius. Chorus.



As how long the lingring greckes
in heauen do make delay,
When either war by seas they seeke
or home to pas their way.

CHO. Why shew what cause doth hold your ships?
and Grecian nauie stapes,
Declare if any of the gods
haue stopt your homeward wayes.

ALL. Why mynd is made my trembling sinnetoes
quake and are asfearde,
For straunger netwes of truth then thes
I thinke wer neuer hearde.

Lo I my self haue plainly seene,
in dawning of the day,
When Phedus first gan to approche,
and byue the starres away.

The earth all shaken so deynly
and from the hollow ground,
My thought I heard with roring crye
a depe and dreadfull sound.

That

of Seneca.

That shoke the woods and all the trees
rong out with thunder stroke,
From Ida hills downe fell the stones
the mountayn tops wer broake.
and not the earth hath only quake
but all the sea likewise,
Achilles presence felt and knewe
and high the surges ryle.
The clouen ground Erebus pitts
then shewed and depeit denues,
That downe to Goddess that gupde beneath,
the way appearde from hence.
Then shoke the tombe from whence anon
in flame of syue light,
appeareth from the hollow canes
Achilles noble spright.
as wonted he his Thracian armes
and banners to disloye
and weide his weighty weapons well,
against thassautes of Troie.
The same Achilles semed he than
that he was wont to be
amid the hostes, and casely could
I know, that this was he.
With carhas slayne in furious fight
that stopt and silde eche flood,
and who by slaughter of his hand
made Xanthus runne with blood
as when in chariote high he late
with losty stomacke fought.
While Hector both and Troy at once
he dyed the walles about.

Troas

alowde he cryde and every coaste,
rang with Achilles sound
and thus with hollow voyce he spake,
from bottome of the ground.
The grekes shal not with little price
redeme Achilles yre,
A princely raunsome must they geue,
for so the fates require.
Winto my ashes Polyxene,
spoused shal here be slaine,
By Pyrrhus hand, and all my tombe
her blood shal ouerslayne.
This sayd, he straight sanke downe agayne
to Plutoes depe regione,
The earth then closde the hollow canes
were vanished and gone.
Therwith the wether waxed clere,
the raging windes did slake,
The ionibling seas began to rest,
and al the tempest brake.

The third sceane.

Pyrrhus. Agamemnon.
Calchas.

What tyme our sayles we should haue spred,
vpon Hygeon seas,
With swift returne from long delay,
to seeke our homeward wayes.

Achilles

of Seneca

Schilles rose whose onely hand,
hath geuen grekes the spople.
Of Troia soze annoyde by him
and leueld with the soyle.
With spede requighting hys abode
and former long delaye,
At Scyros yle and Lesbos both,
amid the Egeon sea.
Till he came here in doubtse it stood,
of fall or sure estate
Then though ye hast to graunt his will
ye shall it geue to late.
Now haue the other captaynes all,
the pyce of their manhood,
What els rewarde for his prowes,
then her all onely blood?
Is he deserues thinke you but light,
that when he might haue fled,
And passing Pelus peres in peace,
a quyet life haue led.
Detected yet his mothers craftes,
forsooke his womans webe,
And with his weapons proued himselfe,
a manly man in dede?
The king of Mysia Telephus
that would the grekes withstand,
Coming to Troy forbidding vs,
the passage of his land.
To late repenting to haue felt,
Schilles heauy stroke,
Was glad to craue his health agayne,
where he his hurt had toke.

Troas

For when his sore might not be salued
as tolde Appollo plaine,
Except the speare that gaue the hurt
restored helpe agayne.
Achilles plasters cured his cuttes
and saued the king aloue
His hand both might and mercy knew
to slay and then reuue.
When Thebes fell: Eetion saw it
and might it not withstand,
The captiue king could nought redress
the ruine of his land.
Pyneus little likewise felt
his hand and downe it fill,
With ruine ouerturned by he
from top of haughtie hill.
and taken Byseis land it is
and prisoner is she caught
The cause of stryfe betwene the kinges
is Chryses come to naught.
Tenedos ple wel knowne by fame
and fertile soyle he tooke
That fostreth fatte the Thracian flockes
and sacred Eilla shooke.
What bootes to blase the brute of him
whom trompe of fame doth shew,
Through all the coastes where Caius flood
with swelling streame doth flowe?
The ruthfull ruine of these realmes
so many townees bette downe,
another man would glory count
and worthy great renowne.

of Seneca

But thus my father made his way
and these his iourneys are,
And battayles many one he fought.
whyle warre he doth prepare.
As whilste I may his merites moze
shall yet not this remayne.
Well known and counted prayse enough
that he hath Hector slayne.
During whose life the Grecians all
might neuer take the towne
My father only vanquishd Troys
and you haue pluckt it downe,
Keliopse I may your parentes prayse
and brute abroad his actes
It semeth the soon to folow well
his noble fathers actes,
In sight of Pryame Hector slayne
and Memnon both they laye.
With heauy cheere his parentes wayds
to mourne his dying day.
Himselfe abhorde his handys worke
in sight that had them slayne
The sonnes of Caddes Achilles knowe
wer boine to dye agayne.
The woman Queene of Amazons
that greuede the Greeces still soze
Is turnde to flight then ceast out feare
we brade their bowes no moze.
If ye wel way his worthines
Achilles ought to haue
Though he from Argos or Spce:
nas would a virgin craue.

Doubts

Troas

Doubte ye hercin: allow ye not
that streight his will be doon.
And count ye cruel Pyrames blood
to giue to Peleus sonnes
For Helens sake your own chilles blood,
appealde Dranacs yre,
I wonted thing and done ere this,
it is that I requyre.
I G. The onely faulte of youth it is
not to refrayne his rage,
The fathers blood already sturres,
in Pyrames wanton age
Somtime Achilles greiuous checkes
I bare with patient hart,
The more thou mayst the more thou oughtste,
to suffre in good part.
Whereto would ye with slaughtred blood
a noble spirite stayne?
Thinke what is mete the grekes to doo
and troians to sustayne.
The proude estate of tiranye
may neuer long endure.
The king that rules with modest means
of safetie may be sure.
The higher steppe of princely state
that fortune hath vs synde,
The more behouthe a happy man
humilitie of mynde,
And dreade the chaunge that chaunce may bring
whose gyften so sone be losse
And chiefly then to feare the gods,
whyle they the fauour most.

In dea.

of Seneca.

In beating downe that warre hath wounde,
by prooffe I haue ben taught,
What pompe and pride, in thynke of Ipe,
may fall and come to naught.
Troye made me fierces and proude of minde,
Troye makes me frayde with all:
The Greeces now stande where Troye late fell,
eche thing may haue his fall.
Sometime I graunt I did my selfe,
and scriptours proude beare,
The thing that might aduance my harte,
makes me the more to feare.
Thou blame perfitte prooffe presentst,
thou art to me cistones:
I cause of pride, a glas of feare,
a mirrour for the nones.
Should I account the scriptours ought,
but glorious vanitie?
Much like the borrowed hayded here,
the face to betwixtie.
Onesdayne chaunce may turne to naught,
and maine the might of men,
With fewer then a thousande shippes,
and peres in les then ten.
Not she that guides the slipper whele,
of fate: both so delape:
That she to all possession graunted,
of ten peres settled slape.
With leaue of Grece I will confesse,
I would haue wounde the towne,
But not with rutne thuggeres,
to se it beaten downe,

C.4.

But

Troas

But loe the battel made by night
and rage of feruent minde,
Could not abyde the hyding bitts
that reason had assinde.

The happy sword once staynde with blood
vnscapable is,

And in the darke the feruent rage
doth strike the more anis.

Now are we weake on Troy to much
let all that may remaine.

A virgin bozne of princes blood
for offring to be slaine

And geuen be, to staine the tombe
and ashes of the ded,

And vnder name of wedlocke is
the gillies blood be shed,

I will not graunt: for mine should bee
therof both saute and blame,

Who when he may forbiddeth not
offence: doth will the same.

33. Ps. And shall hys spaightes haue no rewarde
their angers to appeale:

34. Ps. very great, for all the worlde
shall celebrate hys prayse.

And landes vnkowne that neuer saw
the man so praise by fame,

Shall here and keepe for many yeres,
the glory of his name.

If bloodshedd vayne hys ashes ought
strike of an ores hed,

And let no blood that may be cause
of mothers teares be shed

what

of Seneca.

What furious franſye may this be
that both your wyll ſo leade,
This earnest careful ſute to make
in trauaile for the deader

Let not ſuch cnyſe ſolwarde your ſa-
ther in your hart remaine,

That for hys ſacrifice ye woulde
procure an others payne.

PyR. ¶ Woulde tyrant while prosperitie
thy ſtomacke both aduance,

And cowardly wretch that ſhynks for ſore
in caſe of fearefull chaunce.

Is yet againe thy beſt enflamde,
with brande of venus might?

Wilt thou alone ſo oft deprius
A chilles of hys right?

Thys hand ſhall giue the ſacrifice
the which if thou wilt ſtande.

I greater ſlaughter ſhall I make,
and worthy Pyrrhus hande.

And now to long from princes ſlaugh-
ter both my hande abide,

And meeke it were that Polyxene
were layde by Pyrames ſyde.

AG. I nought deny but Pyrrhus chiefe
renowne : in warre is this,

That Pyram ſlaine wth cruell ſworde,
to your father humbled is.

PyR. ¶ My fathers ſoes we haue them knowne,
ſubmit themſelues humble,

And Pyram preſently ye wote,
was gladdde to craue merce.

CL.

But

Tcoas

But thou for feare not shont to rule,

Ipeel close from loes by hit:

While thou to Diar and blis-

ses, dooste thy will commit.

36. **C** But nedes I must and will confesse

your father dyd not feare:

When burnt our flecte with Hectors bandes,

and Greekes they slawghtred weare,

While loytring then a looke he lay,

unmindefull of the fight.

In steade of armes with scratche of quill,

hys soundyng harpe to smight.

P.P.R. **C** Great Hector then despising the

Achilles songes dyd feare:

And thessale shippes in greatest dpede,

in quiet peace yet weare,

37. **C** For why alooke the thessale flecte,

they lay from Troians handes,

And well your father might haue rest,

he felt not Hectors bandes,

P.P.R. **C** Well semes a noble king to giue

an other king reliefe,

38. **C** Whie hast thou then a worthy king

bericued of hys ipelee

P.P.R. **C** A point of mercie sometime is,

what liues in care to kill,

39. **C** But now your mercie moueth you

a virgins death to will.

P.P.R. **C** Account ye cruell now her death

whose sacrifice I craue.

Your own dere daughters once ye know,

your selfe to thaulters gone.

of Seneneca.

J. G. Nought els could save the Grekes from seas,
but thonsie blood of her:

A king before his children ought,
his countrey to prefer.

P. R. The law doth spare no captives blood
nor wilthe their death to save.

J. G. That which the law doth not forbid,
yet shame doth ofte say nay.

P. R. The conquerour what thing he lyst,
may lawfully fulfill.

J. G. So much the les he ought to lyst,
that may do what he will.

P. R. Thus boast ye these as though in all
ye onely bare the stroke:

When Pyrrhus loosed hath the grekes,
from bonde of ten peres yoke.

J. G. Hath Scyros ple such stomaks bred?

P. R. No bytherns wath it knowes.

J. G. Beset about it is with waue.

P. R. The seas: it do enclose.

Thestes noble stock I knowe,
and Ircus eke full well,

And of the bytherns dire debate.
perpetuall saine doth tell.

J. G. And thou a bastarde of a mayde,
deflowred priuely.

Whom (then a boy) Achilles gate,
in filthy lechery.

P. R. The same Achill that doth posses,
the raigne of goddes aboue,

With Thetys seas: with Encus spightes,
the starred heauen with Ioue.

C.iii.

The

Troas

16. **¶** The same Achilles that was slaine,
 by stroke of parys hende
17. **¶** The same Achilles, whom no god,
 durst euer yet withstande
18. **¶** The stoutest man I rather would,
 bys chekes he should refraine,
 I could them tame, but all your bagges,
 I can full well sustaine.
 For euen the captiues spares my sword:
 let Calchas called be.
 If destiny requyre her blood,
 I wyll therto agre.
 Calchas whose counsell rushe our shippes,
 and nary hyther brought,
 Unlokt the poole and hault by arte,
 the secretes therof sought.
 To whom the bowelles of the beast,
 to whom the thunder clap,
 And blasing starre with flaming traine,
 betokeneth what shall hap.
 Whose wordes with dearest price I bought,
 now tell vs by what meane,
 The will of Gods agreeth that we
 returne to Greece againe.
19. **¶** The fates apoint the Greeks to bye
 theyr waies with wonted price,
 And with what cost ye came to Troy,
 ye shall repayre to Greece
 With blood ye came, with blood ye must,
 from hence returne againe,
 And where Achilles ashes lyeth,
 the virgin shall be slaine,

of Seneca.

In timely sort of habite, such
as may denis want ye se,
Of Thessalie, or Mycenae eis,
what time they wedded be.
With Pyrrhus hand she shall be staine,
of right it shalbe so.
And meete it is that yethe sonne,
his fathers right should do.
But not this only sapeth our shippes,
our sayles may not be spied,
Before a worthier blood then thine,
(Dolorena) be shed.
which thirst the fates, for Pyrrhus ne-
phew, Hector's little boye:
The greekes shall tumble heblong downe,
from hyghest towne in Troy.
Let him there die, this only way
ye shall the gods appeas,
Then spread your thousand sayles with ioy,
ye nebe not feare the seas.

Chorus.

My thyse be true or both the fable sayne,
When corpe is dead the spyte to liue as yet?
when death our eyes with heauy hand both straine
And fatall day our leannes of light hath shet,
And in the tombe, our ashes once be set,
Hath not the soule likewise his funerall,
But still alas do wretches line in thrall?

O: eis doth all at once together dye?
And way no part his fatall howse. delay.

Exit.

But

Troas

But with the breath the soule from hence doth flie,
Amid the cloudes to vanish quite away,
As dankye shade flieth from the point by day:
And may no iote escape from destenie,
When once the brande hath burnde the bodie?

What euer then the ryle of some may see,
And what the weste that settis the forme doth knowe,
In all Neptuneus raigne what euer bee,
That restless seas doe washe and ouer flow,
With purple waues still tomling to and fro.
Age shall consume: eche thing that liueth shall die,
With swifter race then Pegasus doth flie.

And with what whylle, the twise fixe signes do flie,
With course as swift, as rectoure of the spheares,
Doth guide those glistering globes eternalle,
And Decate her chaunged hoznes repeares,
So draunthe on deathe, and life of eche thing weaues,
And neuer may the man, retourne to sight,
That once hath felt the stroke of Icarus might.

For as the fume that from the fire doth pass,
With courne of hande, doth vantishe out of sight
And swifter then the northern hozes,
With whirling blasse and storme of raging might,
Draunthe far away and puttes the cloudes to flight,
So flieth the spright that rules our life away,
And nothing tarpeith after dying day.

Swift is the race we runne, at hand the marke,
Laye downe your hope, that weight here ought to beare,
And

of Seneca.

And who breedes ought, cast of thy carefull carke,
Wilt thou it wotte what state thou shalt be in,
When deade thou arte: as thou hadst neuer bin.
For greedy time it doth deuour vs all,
The woulde it swapes to Chaos heape to fall.

Death hurtes the corpe and spareth not the spright,
And as so: all the denney of Tenare deepe,
With Cerberus kingdome darke that knowes no lycht,
And strenghtest gates that he there sit to keepe,
They fanspes are, that followe folke by sleepe
Such rumours bayne, but sayned lies they arr,
And fables, lyke the dreames in heauy care.

These three stanes following are
added by the translatour.

O dreadfull day: alas the soyr time,
To come of all the mothers ruthfull wo,
Istanax, alas thy satall tyme,
Of life is worne, so death straight shalt thou go,
The sisters haue decreed it should be so,
There may no force alas escape their hande,
The mighty Ioue their will may not withstande.

To see the mother, her tender childe forsake,
What ientle hart that may from teares reframe,
Or who so fierce that would not pittie take,
To see alas the guiltles infant slaine.
For soyr hart the teares mine eyes do staine,
To thinke what sorowd shall her hart oppresse,
Her little childe to leese remedyless,

Troas

The double cares of Hector's wife to wayle,
Good Ladies haue your teares in reddines,
And you with whom should pittie most peneuile.
Rue on her griefe: bewaile her heauines,
With sobbing hart, lament her deepe distress
When she with teares, shall take leaue of her soon,
And now (good ladies) here what shall be doon.

The thirde acte.

Andromacha.

Senex.

Vlisses.



Las ye carefull company
why hale ye thus your heares?
Why beate you so your booping breastes
and staine your eyes with teares?
The fall of Troy is new to you
but vnto me not so,
I haue foreseene this carefull case
ere thys time long ago
When fierce Achilles Hector slewe
and drew the corpes abought
Then then me thought I wist it well,
that Troy should come to nought.
In sorrowes sonke, I senseles am
and wryapt alas in woe,
But soone except thys babe me helde,
to Hector would I goe.
Thys seely soole my stomack tames
ampd my miserie,
And in the houre of heaviest happes,
permittes me not to dye,

This

of Seneca.

Thys onely cause constraineth me yet
the Gods for him to pray,
with trakte of time prolonges my payne,
delayes my dying daye.

He takes fro me the lacke of feare
the onely frute of yll.
For while he liues yet haue I lictte
wherof to feare me shill.

No place is left for better chaunce,
with woofe we are opprest;

No feare alas and se no hope,
is woofe of all the rest.

SEA. What sodaine feare thus moues your minde,
and bereth you so soze?

AND. Still shil alas of one mishap
there ryseth more and more.
Not yet the dolefull destenyes
of Troie become to ende

SEA. And what more grievous chaunces yet
prepare the gods to sende?

SEA. The caues and dens of hell be rent
for Troians greater feare,
And from the bottomes of theyr tombes
the hidden sprights appeare.

May none but Greeces alone from hell
returne to lyfe agayne?
Would god the fates would finishe soone
the sorowes I sustaine.

Death thankfull were, a common care
The Troians all oppres,
But me alas amaseth mooste
the fearefull heauyness.

Troas

That all astonied am for dreade,
and horrout of the sight:

That in my sleepe apparde to me,
by dreame this latter night.

HEA. Declare what sightes your dreame hath shewed
and tell what doth you feare.

ADAM. ¶ Two parties of all the silent night,
almost then passed weare.

And then the clere seven clustered beames
of starres: were fallen to rest.

And first the slepe so long vnkowne
my worried eyes oppress.

If this be slepe the astonied mase,
of minde in heauy moode,

When sodenly before mine eyes,
the spright of Hector stode.

Not like as he the Greekes was wont
to battaile to require

Or when amid the Grecians shippes,
he thiew the bandes of fyre.

Not such as raging on the Greekes,
with slaughtring stroke had slaine,

And bare in dede the spoiles of him
that did Achilles sayne.

His countenance not now so bright.

Not of so liuely chere,

But sad and heauy like to olmes,
and cladde with vglie heare.

It did me good to se him though,
when shaking then his hed:

Shake of thy slepe in hast he sayd,
and quickly leaue thy bed.

Conuery

of Seneca.

Conney into some secret place,
our sonne, O faithfull wife,

Thys onely hope there is to helpe,
finde meane to saue his life.

Leaue of thy pitious feares be sayde
doost thou yet waile for Trope?

Would god it lay on grownde full flatte,
so ye might saue the boy.

Tip stirre he sayd thy selfe in hals,
conueye him priuily.

Aue if ye may the tender blood.
of Hector's progenie.

Then straight in trembling feare I wote
and roulde mine eyes abought

forgetting long my childe, pore my selfe,
and after Hector sought.

Fut straight alas! I wist not how
the spright away did passe,

And me forsoke before I coude,
my husbände once embrace.

O childe: O noble fathers broode
and Troians only tope,

O worthy seede of chauncient blood,
and beaten house of Trope.

O ymage of thy father loe,
thou liuely bearest his face,

Thys countenance, for my Hector had,
and euen such was his pace.

The pitche of all his body such,
his handes thus would he beare.

His shoulders hygh, his thurming brest,
euen such as thine they weare.

O sonne

Troas

O forme: begotte to late for Troye
but boyme to soone for me,
Shall euer tyme yet come againe
and happy day may be,
That thou mayst once reuenge, and builde
againe the towres of Troye,
And to the towne and Troians bothe
restore theyr name with ioye?
But why do I, forgetting state
of present destiny,
Do great thinges wishe: enough for cap-
tines is to liue onely.
I las what pynne place is left
my little childe to hyde:
What seate so secret may be founde
where thou mayst safely bide:
The towne that with the walles of gods
so bahaunt was of might,
Through all the worlde so notable
so flourishing to sight,
Is turnde to dust: and fire hath all
consumde that was in Troye,
Of all the towne not so much now
is left to hyde the boye.
What place were best to choosie for gurple:
the holly tombe is heere,
That thennies swordes will spare to spoile
where lythe my husbande deere,
Which costly worke hys father buylde
hyng Pryame lyberall,
And it by rayde with charges great,
for Hectoris funtall.

of Seneca.

Herein the bones and ashes bothe
of Hector loe they lye,

Best is that I commit the sonne
to hys fathers custodye.

I colde and fearefull sweet both rounne,
through out my members all,

Blas I carefull wretche do feare,
what chaunce may the befall.

SEA. Hide him away: this onely way
hath saved many moze,

To make the enemies to beleue,
that they were deade before.

He wilbe sought: I cant any hope
remaineth of safenes,

The payse of his nobilitie
doth him so sore oppres.

JADR. What way were best to worke: that none
our doinges might bewray?

SEA. Let none beare witness what ye doe
remoue them all away.

JADR. What if the enemies aske me: where
Istianax doth remaine?

SEA. Then shall ye boldly answer make
that he in Troy was slaine.

JADR. What shall it helpe to haue him hyde?
at length they will him finde.

SEA. If first the enemies rage is fierce
delay doth slake hys minde.

JADR. But what pteualles since fere from feare
we can him neuer hyde?

SEA. Let yet the wretche take hys defence
moze carcles there to hyde.

what

Troas

I A D R. What lande unknowne out of the way
what vnfrequented place,
May kepe thee safe: who aydes our feare?
who shall defende our case?
Hector. Hector, that euermore
thy frendes didst well defende,
Now chiefly ayde thy wife and childe
and vs some succour sende.
Take charge to kepe and couer close
the treasures of thy wife,
And in thy ashes hyde thy soon
preserue in tombe his life.
Draw nere my childe vnto the tombe
why fliest thou backward so?
Thou takest great scoyne to lurke in dens
thy noble hart I knowe.
I see thou art ashame to feare
shake of thy princely minde,
And heare thy breste as thee behoues
as chaunce hath thee assinde.
Beholde our case: and see what flocke
remayneth now of Troy
The tombe: I wofull captiue wyet the
and thou a sely hope.
But yf we must to lory fates
thy chaunce must breake thy breste,
Go to: creepe vnderneath, thy fa-
thers holy seates to rest.
If ought the fates may matches helpe
thou hast thy sauegarde there.
If not: all ready then poze foole
thou hast thy sepulchere.

of Seneca

SEA. The tombe hym closett hydes but lett
your feare should him betrape,
Let him here lye, and farre from hence,
goe ye some other waye.

J. A. R. The les he feares that feares at hands
and yet if neede be so,

If ye thinke meere a little heere
for safetie let vs go.

SEA. A little while kepe sylvence now
refrayne your playnt and crye,
his curled foote now hythet moues
the lord of Cephalpe.

J. A. How open earth, and thou my spouse
from drypt rent by the grounde,
Deepe in thy bosome hyde my sonne,
that he may not be founde.

Ulysses comes with doutfull pace
and chaunged countenaunce

He knittes in hart pectisfull craft
for some more greuous chaunce.

Uly. Though I be made themessenger
of heary newes to you,

This one thing first I shall bespye
that ye take thys for true.

That though the wordes come from my mouth,
and I my message tell,

Of trueth yet are they maner dympe
ye may beleue me well.

It is the wooorde of all the Greeces
and they the authours bee,

Whom Hectoris bloud hath yet forby
theyr countreys for to see.

D.I.

Our

Troas

Our carefull trust of peace vsure
 doth still the Grekes detayne,
 And enermore our doubtfull feare,
 yet hateth vs backe agayne.
 And suffreth not our worried handes,
 our weapons to forsake,
 In chylde pet of Andromacha,
 Whyle Troians comfort take,
 H. A. ¶ And sayth your Dugure Calchas for
 H. A. P. ¶ Though Calchas nothynge sayde
 pet Hector trilles it vs hymselfe,
 Of whose seede are we frayde.
 The woorthy blood of noble men
 oftymes we see it playne,
 Doth after in theyr heyres succede
 and quickly sprynges agayne.
 For so the hornes pongling pet,
 of hygh and sturpy beke,
 With losty necke, and bryanched hewe,
 doth shortly rule the rest.
 The tender twig that of the lop-
 ped stocke doth yet remayne,
 To matche the tree that bare the boughs,
 in tyme startes vp agayne.
 With equall toppes to former wood,
 the roome it doth supplie,
 And spredde on soyle alow the shade,
 to heauen hys bryanches hys.
 Thus of one sparke by chaunce pet lest
 it happeneth so full oft.
 The fyre hath quickely caught his toppes
 and flambe agayne aloft,

of Senecca

So feare we yet least Hector's blood,
might rise ere it be long.
feare castes in all the extremities
and oft interprets wrong.
If ye respecte our case, ye may
not blame these olde souldiers
Though after peres & monethes thwisse flur,
they feare againe the ward.
And other trauailes, speaking Trope,
not yet to be well wooon.
A great thing both the Grecians moue,
the feare of Hector's soon.
Kyd vs of feare, this shapeth our fate,
and pluckes their backe againe,
And in the haueu our namee sicken,
till Hector's blood be slaine.
Count mee not sterce for that by fates
I Hector's sonne require.
For I as well if chaunce it would
Oristes should desire.
But sing that nedes it must be so,
beare it with pacient hart,
And suffre that which Pyramen-
non, suffred in good part.
A. ¶ How my childe would god thou wert,
yet in thy mothers hande,
And that I knewe what destination,
the helde, as in what lande.
For neuer should the mothers faith,
her tender childe forsake.
Though through my brest the enemies all,
they cruell weapons strike.

Troas

For though the Greekes with pinching bandes
 of yron: my handes had bounde,
 D: els in fteruent flame of fyre
 besette my body rounde.
 But now my little chyldre (poore wretche)
 alas where might he bee
 Blas what cruell dashinge,
 what chauncet hath hapt to thee
 Art thou yet ranging in the seeltes
 and wandrest there abide:
 O: smothered els in dusty smoke
 of Troy: o: ouertrodder
 O: haue the Greekenether sayne. alas
 and laught to see thy blood:
 O: to me art thou with Iames of beastes
 o: call to sowles for fodde:
 Ulp. (Dissemble not, hard is for thee
 Ulysses to disceine,
 I can full well the mothers craftes
 and subteltye perceiue.
 The policy of Goddesses,
 Ulysses hath vndoone,
 Set all these fayned woordes aside,
 tell me where is thy soone?
 ADE. (Where is Hector: where all the rest
 that had with Troy their fall?
 Where Pyramus: you aske for one
 but I require of all.
 Ulp. (Thou shalt constrained be to tell
 the thyng thou doost denye.
 A. (A happy chauncer was death, to bee
 that doth deliuer to dye,

Ulp.

of Seneca.

ILP. Who most desires to dye: would lay
nest liue when death draweth on,
These noble wordes with present feare
of death: would soone be gon.

SADR. **ILP.** Yes if ye will constrayne
Andromacha with feare,
Thyeten my lyfe, for now to dye
my chiefe desire it weare.

ILP. With stripes, with fyre, tormenting death
we will the trueth out wrest,
And dolour shall thee force to tell
the secretes of thy breast.
And what thy hart hath deepest hys
for payne thou shalt expres
Oftymes the extremities pryngles,
much moze then sentlenes.

SADR. Set me in midst of burning flame,
with woundes my body rent,
Use all the meanes of crueltie,
that ye may all inuent,
Prouide with thirst, and hunger both,
and euery torment fyre,
Pearce through my sides with burning pangs,
in prison let me lye.

Spare not the wooest ye can deuyse
(if ought be worse then this)
yet neuer geat ye moze of me

I wot not where he is,
ILP. It is but vayne to hyde the thing
that straight ye will deteacte,
No feares may moue the mothers hart,
He doth them all neglecte.

Treas

This tender loue ye beare your childe,
wherin ye stande so floute,
So muche more circumspectly warne the,
the Greekes to looke aboute,
Least after ten yeres trachtre of time,
and battaile borne so ferre,

Some one should liue that on our chil-
dren, might renew the warre,
As for my selfe, what Calchas sayeth,
I would not feare at all.

But on Telemachus I hearde,
the smarte of warres would befall.

I A. How will I make Ulysses gladd,
and all the Greekes also,
Peedes must thou woofull wretch confesse,
declare thy hidden wo.

Wenoyce ye sonnes of Iteus,
there is no cause of drede.

We glad Ulysses tell the Greekes,
that Hector's sonne is ded.

Uly. By what assurance prouest thou that
how shall we credite the?

I A. What euer thing the cunies hand,
may threaten, hope to me

Let speedy fates me slaye southwist,
and earth me hide at ones,

And after death from tombe againe,
remoue yet Hector's bones,

Except my soon already now,
do rest among the ded,

And that except I Ispanax,
into his tombe be led.

Uly.

of Seneca.

Ulp. ¶ Then fully see the fates fullness
with Hector's childrens discease:
Now shall I heare the Grecians woide,
of sure and certaine peace.
Ulysses why what doost thou now?
the Grecians will euer chone,
Believe thy wordes: whom credits thou?
the mothers tale alone.
Thinkest thou for sauergarde of her childe
the mother will not lye?
And dread the more the worse mischaunce,
to geue her sonne to dye?
Her faith she bindes with bonde of othe,
the trueth to verifie,
What thing is moze of weight to feare,
then so to sweare and lye?
Now call thy craftes together all,
bestirre thy wits and minde,
And show thy selfe Ulysses now,
the trueth herin to finde.
Search the well the mothers minde: behold
she weepes and waileth out,
And here and there with doubtfull pace,
she rangeth all about.
Her careful eares she doth applie,
to harken what I say,
More fraide she seemes then sorrowfull,
Now worke some wise way.
For now most needs of wit there is,
and crafty policie,
Get once againe by other means,
I will the mother trie.

D.M.

Chen

Troas

Thou wretched woman mayst reioyce,
that dead he is: alas
Whose dolefull death by destiny
for him decreed ther was.
From Turrets top to haue been cast
and cruelly been slayne.

Which only towne of all the rest,
doth yet in Troy remayne.

I A D I S. O my sight faith me, my limmes do quake,
feare both my wittes confound,
And as the yce congeales with frost,
my blood with colde is bound.

A L P S. O be trembleth so: this way, this way
I will the truth out wiest,
The mothers feare detecteth all
the secretes of her brest.

I will renew her feare: goe feare
bestyre ye speedely,
To seke this cunny of the Grekes,
where euer that he lye.

Well done, he will be found at length,
go to, still seke hym out,
How shall he dye: what dost thou feare?
why dost thou looke about?

I A D I S. Would god that any cause ther were,
yet lest that might me fray,
My hart at last now all is lost,
hath layde all feare away.

A L P S. O thus that your childe now hath ye say
already suffered death,
And with his blood we may not pource
the hostes as Calchas sayth.

of Seneca.

Our fiete passe not (as well inspired,
doth Calchas prophecy)
Till Hector's ashes cast abrode,
The waues may pacify,
And tombe be rent, now sins the boy
hath leapt his destiny.
Fleds must we breake this holy tombe
where Hector's ashes lye.
J. A. D. R. What shall I do: my mind distract-
ed, is with double feare,
On thone my sonne, on thother syde
my husbendes ashes deare.
Olas which part, should moue me most,
the cruell goddes I call,
To witnes with me in the truth,
and ghostes that gujde ther all.
Hector, that nothing in my loon
is eis that pleasech me,
But thou alone: god graunt him lyfe,
he might resemble the,
Shall Hector's ashes be aloned be-
hyde I such cruelty,
To see hys bones cast in the seas?
yet let I lianar dye,
And canst thou wretched mother hyde,
thine owne chyldes death to see?
And kasse from the hye towres top
that heblong throune he be?
I can, and will take in good part,
his death and cruell payne,
So that my Hector's after death,
be not remoued agayne.

Troas

The bove that life and senses hath
 may feeke hys payne and dye,
 But Hector loe hys deathe hath plasste,
 at rest in tombe to lye.
 What doost thou say: determyne which
 thou wilt p̄serue of twayne.
 Bet thou in doubte: saue thys: loe here
 thy Hector bothe remaine.
 Bothe Hector be, thone quick of spright
 and drawing toward hys strengthe,
 And one that may perhaps renenge
 hys fathers deathe at lengthe.
 Blas I can not saue them bothe
 I thinke that best it weare.
 That of the twayne I saued hym,
 that bothe the Grecyans feare.
 A. P. ¶ I shalbe done that Calchas woordes
 to vs bothe Prophecie,
 And nowe shall all thys sumptuous woork
 be throwne downe vterlye.
 A. ¶ That once ye soulder A. L. ¶ I will it all
 from toppes to bottom rende
 A. D. R. ¶ The sayth of Godds I call vpon
 Achilles vs defende.
 And Pyrrhus ayde thy fathers ryght
 A. P. ¶ Thys tombe a brode shall lye
 A. D. R. ¶ O mischiefe, neuer durst the Grekes
 shoue yet suche cruckte.
 ye strayne the Temples, and the Godds
 that moſte haue fauorde you,
 The deade ye spare not, on theyr tombes
 your surge rageth now.

of Seneca.

I will they: weapons all resist
my selfe with naked hande,
The pie of harte shall geue me strength,
they: armour to withstande.

As fierce as dyd the Amasones
beate downe the Grekes in fight,
And Menas once enspyrde with God,
in sacrifice dothe smyght:
With speare in hande, and while with fu-
rious pace she treades the grounde,
And woode as one in rage: she strikes
and feelye the not the wounde:

So wyl I runne on myddle of them
and on they: weapons dye,
And in defence of Spectors tombe,
among hys ashes lye.

A L. P. Cease ye: bothe rage and fury bayne
of woman moue ye ought,
Dispatch with speede what I commaunde,
and plucke downe all to nought.

S. D. R. O slay me rather here with swoorde
ridde me out of the waye,
Breake by the deepe Tuerne, and ryd
my destenies delaye.

Ryse Hector: and by set thy foot
breake thou Illysses pie,
I spight arte good enough for hym,
beholde he calleth lye.

And weapon shakes with mighty hande
do ye not Grekes hym see?

O: els dothe Spectors spight appears
but onely vnto me:

Debus

Troas

Ulysses. Down quight withall. **Ulysses.** What wilt thou as-
 fer both thy sonne be slayne,
 And after death thy husbandes bones
 to be remoued againe?
 Perhaps thou mayst with prayer yet
 appeale the Grecians all,
 Els down to ground the holly tombe
 of Hector, straight shall fall.
 Let rather dye the chylid poore wretch
 and let the Grekes him hrti,
 Then father and the sonne should cause
 the tone the others yll.
 Ulysses, at thy knees I fall,
 and humbly aske mercy,
 These handes that no mans feete els know,
 fyll at thy fete they lye,
 Take pitie on the mothers case,
 and sorowes of my brest,
 Touchsafe my prayers to receiue,
 and graunt me my request.
 And by how much the more the goddes
 haue the aduanced hye,
 More easely strike the poore estate,
 of wretched misery.
 God graunt the chaild bed of thy god.
 thy wyfe Penelope,
 May the receiue, and so agayne
 Laerta may the see.
 And that thy sonne Telemachus,
 may mete thee ioyfully,
 His graunders peres, and fathers witts,
 so passe full happily.

of Seneca

Take pittie on the mothers teares,
her little child to saue,
He is my onely comfort left
and thonely ioy I haue.
Alp. **C**oming forth thy soune and aske.

The second sceane.

Andromacha.

Come hyther child out of thy dens to me
thy wretched mothers lamentable store,
This babe Thysses, soe this babe is he,
that slayeth your hopes, & feareth you to loze.

Submit thy self my soon with humble hand,
and worship flatte on ground, thy masters feete,
Think it no shame, as now the case doth stand
the thing that fortune with a wretch is mete,
forget thy worthy stake of kingly blood,
thinke not on Pryames great nobilitie,
And put thy father Hector from thy mynd,
such as the fortune of thy state be.

Behaue thy self as a captive, bend thy knee,
and though thy griefe teares not thy tender heart,
yet learne to weep, thy wretched state be woe,
and take ensample of the mothers teares.

Once Troye hath seen the weeping of a chyld,
When little Pryame turned a lychdouth,
And he to whom all beastes in strength did pride,
that made hys way from hall and bower thy gates,
his little enemies teares pet ouercame,
Pryame (he said) receiue thy liberty.

anyones word on a page of a book.

Troas

In seate of honoz keepe thy kingly name,
but yet thy scepters rule more laphfullpe.
Loe such the conquest was of Hercules
of him yet learne your hartes to mollifie.
Do onely Heracles cruell weapons please
and may no ende be of your crueltie?
No lesse then Pyrame kneeles to thee this boy
that lyeth and asketh onely life of thee.
Is for the rule and gouernance of Troy
where euer fortune will there let it bee.
Take mercy on the mothers ruthfull teares
that with theyr streames my cheekes do overflowe
And spare this guiltles infants tender yeares
that humbly falleth at thy feete so lowe.

The thyrde sceane.

Vlysses. Andromacha.

Astyanax



A treate the mothers greates sorow,
dothe adme my hart full sore.
But yet the mothers of the Greeces,
of neede much more me more.
To whom this hope may cause in tyme
a greates calamitie.
I A D R. Can anye be the burnt ruynes
of Troy redde?
And shall these handes in tyme to come,
erect the towne agayne?
If this be thowght helpe we haue,
there dothe no hope remaine

For Troy

of Seneca

For Troy, we stand not now in case
to cause your feare of mynde,
Doth ought awaile hys fathers toier,
or stock of noble kinde?

Hys fathers hart abated was.
he dyd none the wailles abought.

Thus euell happs, the haughtiest hart
at length they hyng to nought.

If ye will needes oppress a wretche
what thyng more greuous weare.

Then on hys noble necke he shoulde
the yoke of bondage beare?

To serue in life, doth any man
thys to a king deny?

U L P. Not Ulysses wylth hys deathe
but Calchas Prophecy

I A D R. O false murther of discryte
and heynous cructye,

By manhode of whose hand in warre,
no man byd euer dye.

But by discryte and craftye trayne
of mynde that mischeft seekes,

Before thys tyme full many one
deade is: ye of the Greeces.

The Prophets woordes and gattiest gods
saye: thou my sonne requyre?

Shape: mischief of thy tye: it is
thou dooste hys death desyre.

Thou night souldier, and thought of harts
a little chylde to shape,

Thys enterpryse thou take alone
and that by open daye.

Troas

Uly. Ulysses manhode well to Greeces
to much to you is knowne,
I may not spend the tyme in wordes,
our naup wil be gone.

Pa. A little itay, while I my last
farewell geue to my chyld
And haue with oft embracing him,
my gredy sorowes filde.

Uly. Thy greuous sorowes to redress,
would god it lay in me,
But at thy will to take delaye
of time, I graunt it thee.

Now take thy last leaue of thy sonne,
and fill thy self with teares,
Oft tymes the weeping of the eyes,
the inward grief out weares.

Pa. And deere, o swete, thy mothers pledge,
farewell my only toy,
farewell the flowre of honour left
of beaten house of Troy.

O Troians last calamitie
and feare to Grecians part
farewell thy mothers only hope,
and dayne comfort of hart.

Oft wylst I thee thy fathers strength,
and half thy graundfyzes peres,
But all for nought, the Goddes haue all
dispoyned our desyres.

Thou neuer shalt my egall court
thy sceptors take in hand
Nor to thy people geue decrees
nor leade with law thy land.

of Seneca.

For yet thyne enemies overcome
by might of handy stroke,
For sende the conquered nacions all
vnder thy scruple yoke.
Thou neuer shalt beate downe in fight
and Grekes with sword purseloe,
For at thy Charpot Pyrrhus plucke
as Achylles Hector hewe.
And neuer shall these tender handes
thy weapons weilde and weile,
Thou neuer shalt in woddes pursue
the wyld and mighty beale.
For as accull ombe is by gylfe
and sacrifice in Troie,
With measure swifte: betwene the aule
ters shalt thou daunce with iope.
O greuous kynde of cruell deathe
that dothe remaine for thee,
More wofull thyng then Hector's deathe
the walles of Troie shall see.
Ulyss. Now breake of all thy mothers teares
I may no more tyme spende,
The greuous sorowes of thy harte
will neuer make an ende.
Ulyss. Ulyss spare as yet my teares
and graunte a while delaye,
To cloie hys eyes yet with my handes
ere he departe awaye.
Thou dyell but yong: yet fearde thou arte
thy Troy doth wepte for thee,
Goe noble hart thou shalt agayne
the noble Troians see.

Tcoas

I D. **C** helpe me mother? **I A.** **C** Has my chyld
 why takste thou holde by me?
I n deyne thou calste where helpe none is
 I can not succoure thee.
I s when the litle tender beaste
 that heares the Lyon crye,
 Straght for desceice he seekes hys dam
 and crovching downe dothe lye.
T he cruell beaste when once remo-
 ued is the dam awape,
I n greedy lawe with rauening bit
 doth snatch the tender playe.
S o straight the enemies will thee take
 and from my syde the feare.
Recyue my kisse and teares poore chyld
 recyue my rented heare.
Departe thou hence now full of me
 and to thy father goe,
Salute my father in my name
 and tell him of my woe.
Consolayn the n others grieve to hym
 if former cares may moue,
The spyghes: and thus in funerall flame
 they leese not all they loue.
O cruel dectoz suffrest thou
 thy wife to be opprest:
With bonde of Greecians heauy yoke
 and yest thou still at rest:
Ichylls rose I take here agayne
 my teares and rented heare,
Ind (all that I haue leife to sende)
 thys kisse thy father beare.

of Seneca.

Thy coate yet for my comfort leane
the tombe hath touched it
If of hys ashes ought here I be
I will seke it euery whit.
U. L. P. There is no measure of thy teares
I may no longer stape.
Deserre no farther our returne.
breake of our shippes delape.

Chorus altered by the translator.

O Jone that leadst the lampes of fyre
and deckst with stamping starres the sky
Why is it euer thy desyre
to care they: course so orderly?
That now the frost the leaues hath worne
and now the spring dothe cloath the tree,
Now fyre Leo ryppes the Come
and still the soyle shoulde changed be?
But why arte thou that all dooste guide
betwene whose handes the poales do swaye
And at whose will the Dybes do slide
careles of mans estate alwaye?
Regarding not the good mans case,
nor caring how to hurte the ill
Chaunce beareth rule in euery place,
and turneth mans estate at will.
She geues the wyong the vpper hande
the better parte she dothe oppresse,
She makes the highest lowe to stande
her kyngdome all is orderly.
O partitte prooffe of her frailtie,
the princely towyes of Trope bet downe

E. u.

Tcoas

The flower of Troy here ye see
with turne of hande quight overthrowne
The ruthfull ende of Hector some
whome to his death the Greeces haue led
Whys fatal howre is come and gone
and by thys tyme the childe is ded
Yet still alas more cares encrease,
o Troians dolefull descease,
Fast dothe approche the maydes decaise
and now Polyxena shall dye.

The fourth acte.

*Helena. Andromacha.
Hecuba.*



What euer wofull wedding yet,
were cause of funerall,
Of wailing, teares, blood, slaughter els
or other mischiefs all,
I worthy matche for Helena,
and meete for me is warr,
My wedding to the hath byn the cause,
of all the Troians care.
I am constrainde to hurt them yet,
after their overthrowe
The false and fained mariages,
of Pyrrhus must I shewe.
And geue the maide the Greeces attire
and by my policie,
shall Darys sister be betraide,
and by Darys shall dye.

of Seneneca.

But let her be beguiled thus,
the les should be her paine
If that vnware, without the feare
of death: she myght be blame.
What canst thou the will of Creches,
and message to fulfill?
Of hurt constrainde the faulte returne
to thanthoz of the ill.
O noble virgin of the sa-
mons house: and stocke of Troy,
To thee, the Grecians haue me sent
I bring the newes of ioy.
The gods rue on thy afflicted state,
more mercifull they be,
I great and happy marriage loe,
they haue preparede for thee.
Thou neuer should if Troy had stood,
so nobly wedded be,
For Priame neuer could preferre,
the to so hye degree.
Whom flowre of all the Grecian name,
the prince of honour honour hie,
That beares the scepters ouer all,
The lande of Thessalie,
Doth in the law of wedlocke chose
and for his wife require,
To sacred rig' tes of lawfull bed,
both Myrrhus thee desire
Loe Thyrs great with all the rest,
of gods that guide by sea,
Eche one shall thee account as thyrs,
and ioy by wedding bea.

Tcoas

The flower of Ispahere pe see
with turne of hande quight ouerthrowne
The ruthfull ende of Hectors forme
whome to his death the Greeces haue led
Hys fatall home is come and gone
and by thys tyme the childe is ded
Yet still alas more cares encrease,
o Troians dolefull deslenze,
Fast dothe approche the maydes decaise
and now Polyxena shall dye.

The fourth ackte.

Helena. Andromacha.

Hecuba.



What euer wofull wedding yet,
were cause of funerall,
Of waiting, teares, blood, slaughter childe
or other mischiefs all,
I worthy matche for Hecuba,
and meete for me is warr,
My wedding torche hath byn the cause,
of all the Troians care.

I am constrainde to hurt them yet,
after their ouerthrowne

The false and fained mariages,
of Hecubus must I shewe.

And geue the maide the Greeces attires
and by my policie,

Shall Hecubus sister be betraide,
and by disceit shall dye.

of Seneneca.

But let her be beguiled thus,
the les should be her paine
If that vnware, without the feare
of death: she myght be slaine.
What canst thou the will of Crethes,
and message to fulfill?
Of hurt constrainde the saute returne
to thauthor of the ill.
O noble virgin of the sa-
mons house: and stocke of Troy,
To thee, the Grecians haue me sent
I bring the newes of ioy.
The gods rue on thy afflicted state,
more mercifull they be,
I great and happy marriage loe,
they haue preparde for thee.
Thou neuer shouldst if Troy had stood,
so nobly wedded be,
For Priame neuer could preferre,
the to so hye degre.
Whom flowre of all the Grecian name,
the prince of honour honour hit,
That beares the scepters ouer all,
The lande of Thessalie,
Doth in the law of wedlocke chose
and for his wife requyre,
To sacred rites of lawfull bed,
doth Myrrhus thee desire
Loe Thyrs great with all the rest,
of gods that guide by sea,
Eche one shall thee account as thyrs,
and ioy by wedding bea.

And Pelens shall thee daughter call
when thou arte Pyrrhus wife.

And Mercur shall account thee his
the space of all thy life.

Put of thy mourning garment, now
thy regall besture weare

Forget henceforth thy captiue state,
and semely bryode thy heare.

Thy fall hath lift thee higher vp,
and doth thee more aduantage,

Oft to be taken in the warre,
doth bring the better chaunce.

I A. Thus ill the Troians neuer knew
in all their griefes and paine,

Before this time ye neuer made,
vs to reioyce in vaine.

Trope towres geue light, o semely tyme
for mariage to be made

Who would refuse the wedding daye
that Helayne dothe perswade?

The Plague and Ruine of eche porte
beholde doste thou not see,

These tombes of noble men: and how
they boanes here scattered bee?

Thy hyde ded hath bene cause of this
for thee all these be ded,

For thee the blood of Aspa bothe
and Europe hath bene shed.

When thou in ioy and pleasure bothe
the fighting folke from farre,

Haste deude: in doubt to whom to wishe
the glory of the warre.

of Seneneca.

Goe to prepare the maryages
what neede the torchis light?
Beholde the towies of Troy do thynke
with brandes that blase full bright.
O Troians all set to your handes,
thys wedlock celebrate:
Lament thys day with mofull cry
and teares in seemly rate.
H E L E. Though care do canse the want of wit
and reasons rule denye,
And heauy hap dothe oftymes hate
hys mates in myserte,
yet I before mosse hatefull iudge
dare well defende my parte,
That I of all your grievous cares
sustayne the grea test smarte.
Indiomacha for Hector weepes,
for Priame Hecuba,
For onely Harys piuely
betwyleth Helena.
A harde and grievous thing it is
captiuitie to beare,
In Troy that poke I suffered long
a prisoner whole ten yere.
Turnde are the fates, Troy benten downe,
to Greece I must repaire,
The native countrey to haue loste
is ill, but woofse to feare.
For dreade thereof you neede not care
your euilles all be paste,
On me both partes will penguance take
all lightes to me at laste.

E.iii.

Whom

Troas

Whom eche man prysoner takes God wott
 she stables in slipper shaye,
 And me not captiue made by lotte
 yet Darys led away
 I haue bene cause of all these warres
 and then your woes were wrought,
 When first your shippes the Spartane seas
 and land of Grecia fought.
 But if the Goddess wille it so
 that I theys praye shoulde be,
 And for rewarde to her beautyes iudge
 she had appoynted me,
 Then pardon Darys: thinke thys thyng
 in wyathfull iudge dothe lye,
 The sentence Menelaus geues
 and he thys case shall trye.
 Now turne thy plaintes Andromacha,
 and weepe for Polyxene,
 mine eyes for sorowes of my hart,
 theys teares may not refreine.
 I A. O alas what care makes Heclyne weep?
 What griefe doth she lament?
 Declare what craftes Illusts castes,
 what mischiefe hath he sent?
 Shall she from heyghe of Troy hill
 be heblong tumbled downe?
 Or els out of the turrets toppes
 in Troy, shall she be throwne?
 Or will they cast her from the climes,
 into Hygeon seaes?
 In bottome of the surging waves,
 to ende her ruthfull dayes?

show

of Seneca.

Shew what thy countenance hides, & tell
the secretes of thy heart:

Some woes in Pyrrhus wedding are
farre worse then all the rest.

Goe to, geue sentence on the mayde,
pronounce her destinye:

Deinde no longer our mishaps,
we are prepaide to dye.

H. L. Would god therpounder of the gods
would geue his dome so right:

That I also on poynt of swaie
myght seele the lothsome light.

O! at Achilles tombe, with stroke
of Pyrrhus hand be slayne:

And beare a part of all thy fates
O wretched Polixene.

Whom yet Achilles wooth to wed,
and where his allies lie,

Requyeth that thy blood be shed,
and at his tombe to die.

H. A. Beholde loe, how her noble minde
of death doth gladly heare,

She decks her selfe: her regall werde,
in semely wise to weare,

And to her bed she setteth her hande,
the blydded heart to lay,

To wed she thought it death: to dye,
she thinkes a wedding day.

But helpe, alas, my mother soundes,
to heare her daughters death,

Brise: pinche by your hart and take,
again the paining breath.

Flask

Troas

Black good mother how slender stay,
 that doth thy life sustaine
A little thing shall happer thee,
 thou arte almost past thy payne.
Her brethe returns: she doth renine,
 her limmes their life do take.
So se when wretches faine would die,
 how death doth them forsake.
Doth yet Achilles line alas,
 to wake the Troians spight?
Doth he rebell agaynst vs yett
 O hande of Parys light.
The very tombe and ashes loe,
 yett this sleth for our blood.
A happy heape of children late,
 on euery side me stood.
It wried me to deale the mone
 thers kisse among them all
The rest are lost and this alone,
 now doth me mother call.
Thou only childe of Hecuba,
 a comfort left to mee.
A slayer of my sorry state,
 and shall I now leese thee?
Depart O wretched soule, and from
 this carefull carcas fye.
Ind ease me of such ruthfull faten,
 to se my daughter dye.
My weping wettes, alas my eyes,
 and staines them ouer all,
And down my cheekes the sobein streames
 and shewes of teares do fall.

of Seneca

But thou dere daughter mayst be gladde
 Cassandra woulde reioyce,

O; Hector's wife thus wed to bee
 if they might haue theyr choyce.

I A. We are the wretched Decuba
 in curled case we stande,

Whom straght the shippe shall tosse by seas
 into a foreine lande.

But as for Heleyns grieues be gone
 and turned to the best,

She shall agayne her native coun-
 trey see: and liue at rest.

HELE. I woulde the more enuy my state
 if ye might knowe your owne,

I A. And growe there yet more grieu'd to me
 that erlie I haue not knowen.

HELE. Such matters muste serue us both
 by chaunce of lotte's befall

I A D R. Whose seruant am I then to come
 whome shall I maister call?

HELE. By lotte ye fall to Pyrrhus hande
 you are hys prysoner.

I A D R. Cassandra is happye: for shee
 perhaps and Phobus her.

HELE. These king of Greeces Cassandra heapes
 and hys captiue is shee

HEC. Is any one among them all
 that prysoner woulde haue me?

HELE. You chaunced to Ulysses are
 hys praye ye are become.

HEC. How what cruell, byr and pre-
 full dealer of the doome.

What

Troas

And Peleus shall thee daughter call,
when thou arte Pyrrhus wife.

And Perceus shall account thee hye
the space of all thy life.

Put of thy mourning garment now,
thys regall besture weare

Forget henceforth thy captiue state,
and semely bryde thy heare.

Thy fall hath lift thee higher vp,
and doth thee more aduancee,

Oft to be taken in the warre,
doth bring the better chaunce.

I. P. This ill the Troians neuer knew
in all their griefes and paine,

Before this time ye neuer made,
vs to reioyce in vaine.

Trope to wyes geue light, o semely tyme
for mariage to be made

Who woulde refuse the wedding dape
that Helapne dothe perswade?

The Plague and Ruine of eche parte
beholde doste thou not see,

These tombes of noble men: and how
theyr boanes here scattered bee?

Thy bryde bed hath bene cause of thys
for thee all these be ded,

For thee the blood of Aspa bothe
and Europe hath bene shed.

When thou in ioy and pleasure bothe
the fighting folke from farre,

Haste vnde: in doubt to whom to wishe
the glory of the warre.

of Seneneca.

Goe to prepare the maryages
what neede the torchis light?
Se holde the towres of Troy do shyne
with brandes that blase full bright.
O Troians all set to your handes,
thys wedlock celebrate:
Lament thys day with wofull cry
and teares in seemely rate.
HEC. Though care do cause the want of wit
and reasons rule denye,
And heauy hap dothe oftymes hate
hys mates in myserye,
yet I before myn hate all iudge
dare well defende my parte,
That I of all your greivous cares
sustayne the greatest smarte.
Andromacha for Hector weepes,
so; Dame Hecuba,
For onely Parys pryncely
betwyleth Helena.
A harde and greivous thing it is
captiuitie to beare,
In Troy that yoke I suffred long
a prisoner whole ten yere.
Turne are the fates, Troy beaten downe,
to Greece I must repaire,
The native countrey to haue losse
is ill, but woofse to feare.
For dreade thereof you neede not care
your cutles all be passe,
On me both partes will vengeauce take
all lightes to me at laste.

E.iiii.

Whom

Troas

Whom eche man prysoner takes God wott
he standes in slipper stape,
And me not captiue made by lotte
yet Darps led awaye
I haue bene cause of all these warres
and then your woes were wrought,
When forst your shippes the Spartane seas
and land of Grecia fought.
But if the Goddesse wilde it so
that I theyr praye shoulde be,
And for rewarde to her beautyes iudge
she had appoynted me,
Then pardon Darps: thinke thys thyng
in wyathfull iudge dorthe lye,
The sentence Menelaus geues
and he thys case shall trye.
Now turne thy plaintes Andromacha,
and weepe for Polyxeyne,
mine eyes for sorowes of my hart,
thys teares may not restrye.
J. A. O alas what care makes Heleyn weep?
What grieve doth she lament?
Declare what craftes Ulysses castes,
what mischief hath he sent
Shall she from heyght of Troy hill
be hedlong ombled downe?
Or els out of the turrets toppes
in Troy, shall she be throwne?
Or will they cast her from the ciues,
into Sygeon leas?
In bottome of the surging waues,
to ende her ruthfull dayes?

Shew

of Seneca.

Shew what thy countenance hides, & tell
the secretes of thy brest:

Some woes in Pyrrhus wedding are
farre worse then all the rest.

Go to, geue sentence on the mayde,
pronounce her deskenye:

Delude no longer our mishaps,
we are preperde to dye.

H. L. Would god therpounder of the gods
would geue his come so right:

That I also on poynt of sword
myght leese the lothsome light.

O at Achilles tombe, with stroke
of Pyrrhus hand be slayne:

And beare a part of all thy fates
O wretched Polyxene.

Whom per Achilles wooth to wed,
and where his ashes lie,

Requirth that thy blood be shed,
and at his tombe to die.

A. S. Scholde we, how her noble minds
of death both gladly heare,

She decks her selfe: her regall weede,
in semely wise to weare,

And to her hed she setteth her hande,
the brydded heare to lay,

To wed she thought it death: to dye,
she thinkes a wedding day.

But helpe, alas, my mother sowndes,
to heare her daughters death,

Brise: plucke vp your hart and take,
again the panting breath.

Troas

Black good mother how slender stay,
 that doth thy life sustaine:
A little thing shall happie thee.
 thou arte almost past thy payne.
Her brethe returns: she doth reuue,
 her lummes their life do take.
So se when wretches saue would die,
 how death doth them forsake.
H E C. **D**oeth yet Achilles linc alas,
 to worke the Troians spight?
Doeth he rebell agaynst vs yet?
 O hande of Harys light.
The depe tombe and ashes loe,
 yet thirsketh for our blood,
A happie heape of childe in late,
 on euery side me stood.
It wotted me to deale the mo-
 thers kisse among them all
The rest are lost and this alone,
 now doth me mother call.
Thou only childe of Hecuba,
 a comfort left to mee,
A slayer of my soyr state,
 and shall I now leese thee?
Departe O wretched soule, and from
 this carefull carcas flye,
And ease me of such ruthfull fates,
 to se my daughter dye.
My weping wettes, alas my eyes,
 and staines them ouer all,
And down my cheekes the sodein streames
 and shewes of teares do fall.

of Seneca:

But thou dere doughter mayst be gladd

Cassandya woulde reioyce,

O Hector's wife thus wed to bee

if they might haue theyr choyce.

I A. We are the wretched Hecuba

in cursed case we stande,

Whom strayght the shippe shall tosse by seas

into a foreine lande.

But as for Hecubus grieues be gone

and turned to the best,

She shall agayne her native coun-

trei see: and liue at rest.

HELE. We woulde the more enuy my state

if ye might knowe your owne,

I A. And growthe there yet more griefe to me

that erke I haue not knowne.

HELE. Such maisters must ye serue as doth

by chaunce of lotts befall

I A D R. Whose seruant am I then become

whome shall I maister call?

HELE. By lotte ye fall to Pyrrhus hands

you are hys prisoner.

I A D R. Cassandya is happye: fury since

perhaps and Phebus her.

HELE. These king of Greeces Cassandya keepes

and hys captiue is shee

HEC. Is any one among them all

that prisoner woulde haue me?

HELE. You chaunced to Ulysses are

hys praye ye are become.

HEC. Was what cruell, dyte and pre-

full dealer of the dome.

What

Troas

What god vniust doth so deuise,
the captiues to their lordes?
What greuous arbiter is he?
that to such choyse accordes,
What cruell hand to wretched folke,
so euill fates hath caste?
Who hath among Achilles ar-
mour, Hectors mother plasht?
Now am I captiue and beset,
with all calamities.
My bondage greues me not, but him
to serue it shameth mee.
He that Achilles spoiles hath wooon,
shall Hectors also haue:
Shall barraine lands enclosde with seas,
receyue my boanes in graue?
Leade me Illysses where thou wilt,
leade me, I make no stay,
My master I, and me my fates,
shall follow enery way.
Let neuer calme come to the seas,
but let them rage with winde,
Come fire and sword, myne owne mischaunce
and Pyrames let me finde.
In meane time haps this deepe distress
my cares can know no calme:
I ran the race with Pyramus
but he hath wooon the Palme.
But Pyrrhus comes with swiftened pace
and thyetning browes doth wiest.
What stapest thou Pyrrhus? strike thy sworde
now through this wofull brest.

of Seneca.

And both at once the parents of
thy fathers wyfe now slay,
Murderer of age, spkes thee her blood:
he drawth my daughter awaye.
Defile the gods and staine the sprightes,
of hell with slaughterd blood,
To aske your merce what auayles?
our prayers do no good.
The vengeance aske I on your ships,
that if the gods may pleas,
According to this sacrifice,
to guide you on the seas.
This wishe I to pour thousand sayles,
Gods wrath light on them all,
Euen to the ship that beareth me,
what euer maybefall.

Chorus.

A Comfort is to many calamitie
A dolefull flocke of felowes in distress.
And swete to him that moournes in miserie:
To heare them waille whom sorowes like oppres-
In depest care his grieve him bytes the les,
That his estate bewailes not all alone,
But seeth with him the teares of many one.

For still it is the chiefe delight in woe,
And ioy of them that sonke in sorowes are,
To see the fates befall to many woe,
That may take parte of all their wefall care.
And not alone to be oppress with care.
Ther is no wight: of woe that doth complaine,
When al the rest do like mischaunce sustaine.

Troas

In all this world if happy man were none,
None (though he were) would thinke hymself a wretche,
Let once the ryche with heapes of gold be gone,
Whose hundred hed his pastours ouerretche,
Then would the poore mans hart begyn to stretch
There is no wretche whose lyfe him doth displease
But in respect of those that liue at ease.

Sweete is to hym that standes in depe distress,
To see no man in ioyfull plight to be,
Whose only vessell, wynd and waue oppres,
Full sore hys chaunce bewayles and wepeth he,
That with his owne none others wracke doth se
When he alone maketh shipwrake on the sande
And naked fallēs to long desyred lande.

A thousand syle who seeth to drenchē in seas
With better will the storme hath ouerpast
His heauy hap doth him the lesse displease,
When broken boardes abrode be many cast
And shypwrackt shippes to shore they flit full fast,
With doubled roares when stopped is the flood,
With heape of them that there haue lost theyr good.

Full sore dyd Phryxus Hellens losse complayne,
What tyme the leader of hys flocke of shepe,
Elpon hys backe alone he bare them twayne,
And wet hys golden lockes amyd the depe.
In pitous playnt alas he gan to wepe
The death of her it dyd hym depe displease,
That shypwrake made amyd the drenchyng seas.

of Seneca.

And pitious was the playnt and heauy moode
Of wofull Pyrrha and eke Deucalion,
That nought behelde about them but the flood,
When they of all mankynde were left alone
Amyd the seas full soze they made theyr mone
To see themselves thus left aloue in woe
When neyther land they saw nor fellowes moe.

From these playnts, and Troianes teares shall quasse,
And here and there the shyppe thymtasse by seas
When trumpets sounde shall warne to hoyle ty sapte
And though the waues with wynd to seke theyr wapect
Then shall these captiues goe to ende theyr dayes
In land vnkowne: when once with hasty oze
The drenching depe they take and shonne the shoze.

What state of mynde shall then in wretches be,
When shore shall synke from syght and seas arse
When they hyll to lurke aloofe they see
Then poynt with hand from farre where Troia lyse,
Shall chyld and mother: talking in thys wyse:
Loe ponder Trope, where smoke it fumeth hye,
By this the Troianes, shall theyr countrey spye.

The fift acte.

Messenger. *Andromacha.*

Hecuba.

O Dye fierce, wretched, horrible,
O cruell fates accutle,
Of whatt hysse ten feres bloodshed blowen.
The wofullst and the wurst,
A sag which shuld I spall betwaxle
thy cares Andromachar

Ortis

Troas

Oz els lament the wretched age
of wofull Decabar

Hec What euer amms calamities
ye wayle for mine it is

I beare the smart of all their woes,
eche other feelen but hys.

Who euer he, I am the w: etche
all happen to me at last.

Hec Slaine is the mayde, and from the walles
of Troy: the childe is cast.

But both, (as them became) they toke
their death, with stomack stout.

Ides Declare the double slaughters then,
and tell the whole throughout.

Hec One towne of all the rest ye knowe,
both yet in Troy remaine,

Where Pryam wonted was to sit,
and betwe the armys twaine.

His little Nephew eke with him
to trade and from a farre,

His fathers sightes with spe and swoorde
to shewe, and seates of warre.

This towne, sometime well knowne by fame,
and Troians honoz most.

Is now with captaines of the Grekes,
beset on euery coaste.

With swift recourse and from the shippes,
in clustred heapes anone.

Both tagge and ragge, they come to gase,
what thing should there be done.

Some ctime the hillen, to seeke a place,
where they might see it best,

of Seneca

Some on the rockes a tiptoe stande,
to ouerlook the rest.
Some on they: temples weare the Wyne,
some beeches, some crownes of baye,
for garlandes tozne is euery tree,
that standeth in they: waye.
Some from the highest mowntaynes top,
aloofe beholdeth all
Some scale the buyldings halfe yburnt,
and some the ruynous wall
ye some there weare (o mischiefe lor)
that for the more despyght,
The tombe of Wecior sits vpon,
beholders of the sight.
With princely pace Ulysses then,
past through the pearlyd bande
Of Greeces, kyng Wyames little Pe-
phetw, leadyng by the hande.
The chylde with vnrepining gate
past through hys crumpes handes,
Up toward the walles, and as anone
in turrettis top he standes,
from thence adowne, hys losyte lookes
he cast on euery parte,
The neerer death more free from care
he seemde, and feare of harte.
Ampt hys foes, hys stomake swelles,
and fierce he was to syght,
Like Tygers wheipe, that threats in vaine
with toothlesse chap to byght.
Blas, for pittye then eche one,
pay on hys tender peates,

Troas

And all the rowte that present were,
for him they shed they teares.
Pea not Ulysses them restraynde,
but tricklyng downe they fall,
And onely he, wept not, (poore foole,)
whome they bewayled all.

But whyle on Gods Ulysses callde,
and Calchas woo;ds expounde,
In midste of Pyrames land alas,
the childe leapte downe to grounde.

J. A. What crewell Colchus coulde o; scythe
such slaughter take in hande?

O; by the shore of Caspian sea,
what barbarous lawles lande?

Buspides to thaulters pet,
no infantes bloode hath shed:

For neuer yet were children slayne,
for feasse of Dromed.

Who shall alas in tombe thee laye,
o; hyde thy limmes againe?

M. C. S. What limmes fro such a hedlong fall,
coulde in a chyld remayne?

Hys bodys payse, thytowne downe to grounde,
hathe battred all hys boanes,

Hys face, hys noble fathers markes,
are spoyle agaynst the stoanes.

Hys necke vnpointed is: hys hed
to dashte with flint stone stroake,

That scattred is the hyays aboute,
the sculle is all to broake.

Thus lieth he now dismembred corpes,
desoynde, and all to rent.

of Seneca.

I A D B. Loe herein doth he yet likewise,
hys father represent.
W E S. What tyme the childe, had hedlong salne
thus from the walles of Troie,
And all the Greekes them selues betwayde,
the slaughter of the hope,
yet streyght returne they backe, and at
Achilles tombe agayne
The second mischiefe goe to woork,
the deathe of Polyxene
This tombe the waues of surging seas,
beset the vtter syde,
The other parte the seeldes encloase
aboute, and pastours wyde.
In vale enuyroned with hilles,
that rounde aboute do ryle,
A sloape on heyght erected are
the bankes, in theater wyse.
By all the shore then swarme the Greekes,
and thych on heapes they please:
Some hoape that by her death; they shall
theyr shippes delay release.
Some other ioye, theyr enimies stocke
thus beaten downe to bee:
A greate parte of the people, bothe
the slaughter hate and see.
The Troians eke, no lesse frequent
theyr owne calamities,
And all affrayde, behelde the last
of all theyr myseryes.
When sycke proceede to ches byght
as guile of wedlock is.

f. ii.

And

Troas

And all the rowte that present were,
for him they shed they; teares.

Yea not ~~... the same restraint.~~

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hathe battered all hys boones,

hys face, hys noble fathers markes,

are spoylde agaynst the scoones.

hys necke vnioynted is: hys hed

so dashte with flint stone stroke,

That scattered is the brayns aboute,

the sculle is all to broake.

Thus lieth he now dismembred corpe,

deseynde, and all to rent.

FOXING

Let.

of Seneca.

1 AD. B. Loe herein doth he yet likewise,
hys father represent.

2. C. S. What tyme the chyldre, had hedlong faime
thus from the walles of Troie,

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A greare pnce
the slaughter hate and see.

The Troians eke, no lesse frequent
theyz owne calamities,

And all affrayde, behelde the last
of all theyz myseryes.

When fyrste proceded toz ches byght
as guile of wedlock is.

f. H.

And

Troas

And author therof led the way
the lady Cyndaris.
Such wedlocke (pray the Troians then)
god send Vermona.
And would god to her husband so,
restorde her Helena.
Feare made eche parte, but Polyxene,
her bashfull looke downe cast:
And more then erke her glyttring eyes,
and beauty shynde at last.
As sweetest semes then Phcebus light,
when downe his beames do sway,
When starres agayne, with night at hand,
opprelle the doutfull day.
Honied much the people were,
and all, they her commende.
And now much more then euer erst,
they prayse her, at her ende.
Some with her beauty moued were,
some with her tender yeares:
Some to behold the turnes of chaunce,
and how eche thyng thus weares.
But most them moues her valiant mynde,
and lost stomake hys,
So strong, so stout, so ready of heart,
and well preparde to dye.
Thus passe they furth, and bolde, before
kyng Prius gothe the mayde,
They pittie her, they meruell her,
they heartes wer all a frayde.
As soone as then, the hard hyl top,
(where dye she should) they trode,

of Seneca.

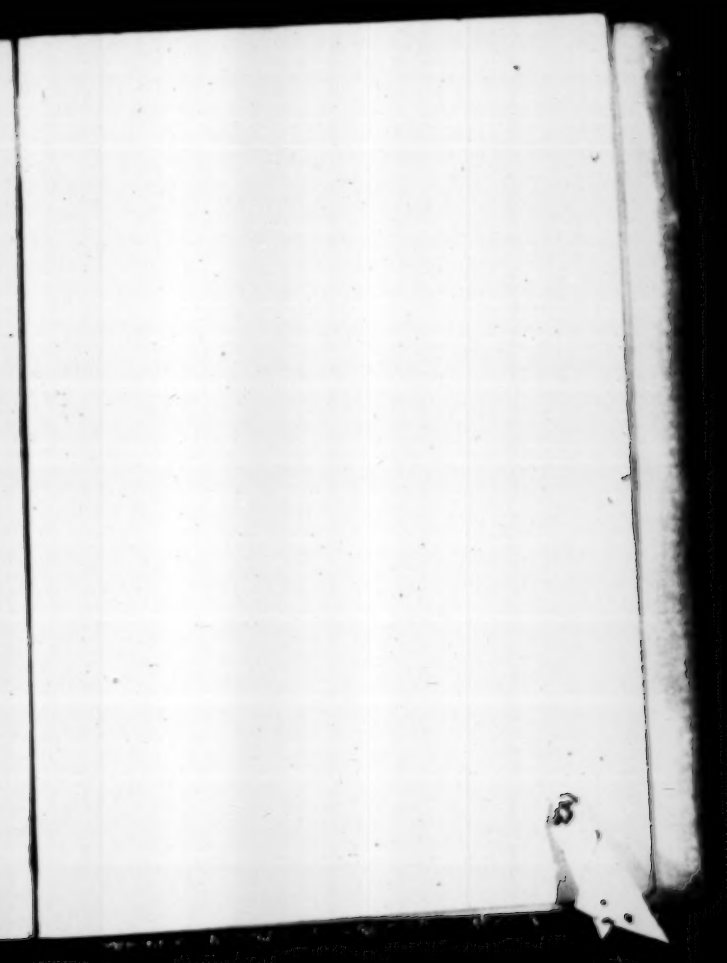
And hye vppon his fathers tombe,
the youthfull Pyrrhus stode.
The manly mayde she neuer shronke,
one foote, nor backwarde drewe
But boldely turnes to meete the stroke,
with floure vchanged hewe
Her cozage moues eche one, and loe
a strange thing monstrouse lyke,
That Pyrrhus euen himself stode still,
for dreade, and durst not stryke.
But as he had, his glittering sworde,
in her to hiltis vp doon,
The purple blood, at moztall wounde,
then gushyng out it soon.
He yet her cozage her forsooke,
when dyng in that stownde,
She fell as therthe should her reuenge,
with freful rage to grownde.
Eche people wept: the Troians first,
with pteyfe fearefull crye,
The Grecians eke, eche one bewaylds,
her death, apparantly.
This order had the sacrifice,
her blood the tombe vp dyoonke,
No drop remayneth aboue the grounde,
but downe forthwith it soonke.
HCC. Now go, now go ye Grekes, & now,
repayre ye safelie home,
With carcles ships, and hofed sayles,
Now cut the saltt sea some.
The childe and virgin, both be slaine,
your battelsmyght are.

Troas

Wlas where shall I end my age?
or whether beare my care?
Shall I my dawghter, or my ne-
phew? or my husband mone?
My contrey els, or all at once?
or els my selfe alone?
My wilhe is deathe, that childezen both
and virgins fierly takes
Where euer cretwell death dothe haile
to stryke, it me forsaikes.
I myd the enmies weapons all,
ampd bothe sworde and fyre,
I all night sought for, thou fleeste from me,
that do thee moke desyre.
Not flame of fyre, not fall of towre,
nor cruell enmyes hande,
Hath ryd my life: how neere alas,
couide death to Pyrame stande?
W. C. S. Now captiues all, with swyft recourse
repayre ye to the seapes,
Now spicade the ships, they sayles abroad,
and soothe they seeke they wayes.

CImprynted at London in Fleetstrete
with in Temple barre, at the signe of the
hand and starre, by Ri-
chard Cottrell.

*Cum privilegio ad impres-
sionem solum.*



EN

AD